

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Copper*.



"MR. PIERCIE MUST NOT BE EXPECTED HOME TO-NIGHT."

## ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

### CHAPTER I.

"I CANNOT understand it," thought Louisa Brown, after her sister had quitted the room. "She has one of the best husbands in the world; yes, one of the very best!—as men go, a miracle of a man! I cannot understand it!—that portrait was her

counterpart—it was painted during the first year of her wedded life."

Louisa Brown moved opposite to the picture, and gazed at it with sad lovingness.

"What a sunny, sweet, innocent face it is, and how exquisitely the delicate blue of the turquoise harmonises with the pearly tone of her complexion. Poor darling! I remember her wishing to have some rare jewels; but Edmund Piercie would not indulge her. I recall her pretty pout when he said she

should wear only those he could afford to pay for before she put them on! Only five years gone, yet there is no calm sunshine in that face now; it is perpetually flushing or lowering; the lovely hair that Edmund would, in those days insist upon being what he called 'let alone,' as it is there enfolding her throat with its natural curls, is now frizzed and towered! Her graceful figure is encased in frills, and points, and distortions! Her step has lost its elasticity, for she totters on high heels; and the manner is as much changed as the dress—would that it were only the manner, my darling Rhoda!"

Tears welled up into Louisa Brown's deep, thoughtful eyes, until, seeing the picture as through a mist, she turned to a table and sat down opposite her work-basket. Louisa Brown was no longer young; her figure was very small; her head was always considered larger than it ought to have been, and seemed too heavy to be supported by her delicate throat; the forehead more developed than was consistent with the small features—like, yet unlike, those of her strictly beautiful sister; like in form, yet strangely unlike in expression. Rhoda might, at the time of her marriage, have been called Thalia; but Louisa was serious almost to sadness.

The eyes of both were of that deep and peculiar grey which, when animated, seems as blue as the sapphire; but when thoughtful, is dark almost to blackness. As Rhoda was animated and laughter-loving her eyes were declared blue, while those of her elder and more serious sister were called black.

As Louisa sat opposite her work-basket they looked very black indeed.

"What can it be?" she thought again. "Edmund is so occupied by his profession that he does not see it. He leaves everything to her, and is as pleased as ever at the admiration her still fresh beauty excites. I do not think he observes the change that haunts me—the modern style of dress introduced while I have been abroad is as nothing! It is the constrained expression, the watchful suspicious look, as if she had something of great importance to conceal.

"Edmund told me last night that during my absence his income was nearly doubled, yet Rhoda is restless and dissatisfied—and he has such confidence in her. What can have worked this change?"

Mrs. Piercie entered the room, and sat down opposite her sister. Louisa was fifteen years her senior, and had undertaken the duties of a mother when they both lost the one earthly love that can never be reborn.

Mrs. Piercie flung down the book she had opened and suddenly sprang to the window that commanded not only a view of their lawn, but of a steep road beyond partly overarched by magnificent old trees.

"Do look, Louisa! I never saw a more lovely pair of greys in all my life. What action! It is something worth living for to sit behind such a pair of high steppers. Oh, dear!" she added, with a sigh, "I thought Mrs. Bond was coming here—"

"You will get a crick in your neck, Rhoda, if you remain much longer at the corner window watching Mrs. Bond's 'turn-out.'"

But Louisa's foreboding did not induce her sister to withdraw her gaze until Mrs. Bond's carriage was quite concealed from view. She then loitered across the room and rang the bell.

Louisa had not looked after "the greys," but continued her work.

"Tell James," said Mrs. Piercie to the parlour-maid, "that he can go on potting the geraniums, I shall not want the phaeton to-day."

"If you please, ma'am, I know he's just cleaning himself, for he came to cook for a piece of soap, as he was going to drive you, ma'am."

"Rhoda," suggested Louisa, "do not give up your drive; you know how grieved Edmund will be if you do not take it. You need it; the air in Breezy Lane will send you home with a fresh crop of roses on your cheeks."

"It is such a lovely day, ma'am," said the maid, adding, unfortunately, "Mrs. Bond always turns up Breezy Lane when she goes for what they call a 'health drive.'"

"Tell James I shall not go out to-day," repeated the lady, in decided tones, sinking into the chair she had quitted to watch Mrs. Bond's "turn out," and resuming her book.

The maid vanished, and the sisters were alone. Louisa may have been a little prim, a little formal in her manner, so as to deserve Rhoda's occasional reproach of, "Oh! you old maid!" But children and animals all trusted "Auntie Loo," and her sister's small ones dearly loved her.

She would not give up her point, and said, "Rhoda, it is a pity that you will not drive to-day, your health needs it, and your husband wishes it."

"I don't care," was the reply.

"But I do, I care for it for the sake of your mental and bodily health." There was no answer: the leaves of the book were lazily turned over. "You were well pleased at the thought of your drive this morning, and would have thoroughly enjoyed it but for the apparition of Mrs. Bond's greys and fineries; they do not make the air more fresh, the scenery more beautiful, or the health advantages greater than what your pretty cob—"

Louisa interrupted her sister pettishly. "You know I hate a cob; either let Edmund give me a pair of tiny white ponies or a full-grown horse, not a stumpy, dumpy cob. How well it sounds bringing up the rear of Mrs. Bond's splendid greys, 'Mrs. Piercie and her cob.' I wonder Edmund is not ashamed to see me drive in such a thing, and Mrs. Bond said as much the other day; she said he could afford me a pair of greys if he liked."

"Mrs. Bond said so?"

"Yes; why do you open your eyes, Louisa, and look so perplexed?"

"I wondered how she came to have such accurate information as to your husband's pecuniary capabilities, and when you became so intimate that she should presume to mention them."

"Oh, you never drive, but I meet Mrs. Bond frequently; we are dear friends. There was no harm, surely, in the observation?"

"There was no good in it, that I can see, and it seems to me to border strongly on impertinence."

"Mrs. Bond impudent!" repeated Rhoda; "a woman in her position!"

"No position would authorise such interference, in my opinion; but your equipage has one great advantage over Mrs. Bond's—"

"Indeed!" said her sister, while a little sneer curled her pretty lip.

"And I will tell you what it is," persisted Louisa, "it is paid for, and certainly, as yet, the coachmaker has not received one penny for that very brilliant carriage."

There was a long pause. Mrs. Piercie looked out of the window, as if she had never seen the sunbeams play so prettily at bo-peep through the branches of the chestnut that overshadowed her favourite seat. Auntie was measuring and making up blue sleeve-bows for her pet "Snowdrop's" new frock.

"I suppose that ribbon is paid for?" said Rhoda, at last. The sunbeams had not had sufficient power to while away the sneer.

"If it were not, as far as I am concerned, Snowdrop's sleeve-knots would be of hemmed muslin."

"Dear me, Loo, how matter-of-fact you are, you grow worse and worse every day; but there is Edmund, what brings him back at this hour? Now, Louisa, do not say anything about the drive. He will be sufficiently displeased as it is, but if he thought I was pouting over any of Mrs. Bond's finery—"

Before Rhoda had finished, Mr. Piercie entered. "Why, Rhoda, I was certain I should have found you preparing for your drive. I met Mrs. Bond dashing down Breezy Lane, and I really think she had the grace to blush when she saw me. I came home to try to catch Mr. Bond; he was not at his counting-house, so I'll just go through the lane and try if he is to be seen at Shortlands."

"But, Edmund, why should Mrs. Bond blush when she saw you? and why should you so particularly want to see Mr. Bond?"

"My dear Rhoda, physicians and lawyers must know how to keep secrets; but, unfortunately, it is no longer a secret that our neighbours at Shortlands seem bent upon living to prove 'all is not gold that glitters.' If Mrs. Bond had an atom of principle or feeling, sooner than continue kicking up a dust (which is certainly *not* a golden one) along the high roads, she would, as she cannot pay for them, return the carriage and horses to their rightful owners, and trust to her lazy limbs for exercise. All the people talk of it."

"Oh, Edmund," said Mrs. Piercie, "it is simply jealousy and envy. Those lovely horses!"

"Yes, very lovely, certainly. My dear, if I had not paid for *your* phaeton, and was not able to maintain the roan cob in comfort, and you were unable to walk, I'd trundle you along the road in a wheelbarrow."

"Oh, Edmund!"

"Yes, I would, sooner than rob my fellow-creatures to maintain my belongings, however dearly I loved them, in dishonest luxury, and the continued practice of fraud and falsehood. I have said even more than this to you before, Rhoda, and still I know that you visit her constantly—that you make what women call 'a friend' of her."

"Oh, Edmund!" exclaimed Louisa, "that is not fair to us; women are quite as capable of friendship as men."

Edmund put on a provokingly puzzled look, which roused both ladies.

"Quite!" repeated Rhoda, "a great deal more capable of friendship than men are. I do not care what anybody says, Edmund: Mrs. Bond is my friend, and I will stand by her."

"And her balls, and carriages, and falsehoods. Why, there isn't a bit of truth in that woman, from eyebrow to shoe-tie. Now, mark, Rhoda, you'll find it out very soon, I hope not to your loss."

Louisa was looking so intently at Edmund that she did not see how pale Rhoda became, and that she

grasped the back of a chair with both her trembling hands.

"Something more than usual has disturbed you this morning, my good brother," continued Louisa.

"Yes, Loo," he replied, "a good de'l more than usual. If Mr. Bond smashes, scores 'f I 'ope will not know where to find food or maint'ance, even shelter. I am half distracted at what has come to my knowledge this morning, and I must see Mr. Bond. I have just a few minutes to look again at some papers I brought home last night to inspect them more closely than I could do at the office, and did not think I should find it necessary to do so until to-night."

"But, Edmund!" exclaimed Mrs. Piercie, regaining her self-possession, "you must be mistaken, Mrs. Bond has issued cards for a ball, and honoured us with invitations."

"Which you must not accept. Yes, Rhoda, I say *must not*, and before the night arrives you will be as eager to decline them as I am that they shall not be accepted. I could not help silently, but not less devoutly, thanking God, as I entered my own gate, that I had a bright truthful jewel within my home and heart, who, though a little dazzled by follies sometimes, is incapable of thinking or acting untruths." He stooped down and kissed his wife, but started back, for in a moment she had become white and cold as a marble statue.

"Darling, what is it? Loo! what is it?" he repeated.

"Nothing—nothing," murmured Rhoda, "only I am faint."

"Want of air," he said. "Louisa! ring the bell, and order the phaeton immediately; women coddle themselves up in hot rooms until their bones dissolve and their brains get addled," and having rapidly delivered this not very courteous opinion he shut to the door.

Mrs. Piercie continued so pale that her sister brought her a glass of water before she rang to order the phaeton. She staggered rather than walked to the window, just as Mrs. Bond's carriage, returning much sooner than usual, repassed the lawn. She did not even seem as if she heard the fluttering sound of her children's footsteps, and their taps and drummings at papa's study door, or the small sweet lisped entreaties for admission, or the half-whispered muttering and whining, while little Ben and Snowdrop retreated to their own dominions.

Louisa yearned to follow her sister up-stairs, and assist her to dress for her drive, which she imagined would be taken in comparative enjoyment as the fear of her phaeton being overshadowed by Mrs. Bond's carriage was at an end. When she came down, she went with her to the door, and drew the rug over her lap.

"Tell Edmund," said Mrs. Piercie, "I will take a nice long drive, and call on the two friends he wished me to call on at the other side of the common." Then she added, in a half-whisper, while the coachman adjusted some strap or buckle, "Dear Loo, next time you must drive with me, but just now I am weak and nervous, and better alone."

Louisa remained on the step of the door from which her sister had driven until the little carriage was out of sight, and then silently and quietly resumed her seat, but not her work, though at first she took it up.

She was at all times given to meditation, and now, forced to believe that her sister, in some way or other, had become entangled with the fine lady of the neighbourhood, who evidently stood on a perilous height, she sat and thought, discarding one suspicion after another, until the lengthening shadows told of the approach of evening, and she drew near the window to watch for her sister's return.

The lady was so long absent that Louisa became uneasy, and when Mrs. Piercie drove to the door her flimsy veil could not conceal her troubled looks. Mrs. Piercie was easily disconcerted at small grievances; she frequently stumbled over a pebble more than a footsure woman would over a stone. But Louisa saw that now she was seriously distressed, and, with her ever ready sympathy, sought the cause of her pale cheeks and tearful eyes.

"These are not the roses," she said, "that I promised your drive should give you."

"No," was the reply. "I have had practical experience of the truth of the proverb Edmund is so fond of quoting, 'All is not gold that glitters.' You know, Loo, how often you said that Mrs. Cyril Johnstone expended on her dress more than her husband received as remuneration for his services in Bramwell's bank. I saw when I arrived at her pretty little home that everything was in confusion. She suddenly threw herself in my arms, told me that her dressmaker threatened to put an execution in the house unless her two years' bill was paid. And I gave her the contents of my purse, for she confessed their credit was gone, and at that moment she had not a shilling in the house to buy food. I suggested she should sell the jewels that were dangling and clanging about her like a ring of fairy bells, and then she exclaimed she had never worn a bit of real gold in her life! Just fancy, Louisa! you, who follow strictly in our dear mother's footsteps, and call wearing an imitation trinket acting a lie."

"The old story," sighed her sister, "all is not gold that glitters. I heard at Mrs. Rapstock's, that Miss Magnus, who has become so full of airs ever since it was reported she wrote that song, 'Oh! that I were a dove,' and when complimented on it always hung her head on one side like a parrot and murmured, 'Oh! dear, how can you say so? but I'm glad you think it pretty,' has started to Brighton this morning because 'Oh! that I were a dove' is given to its rightful owner in the county paper. The same false principle increases more and more," continued Louisa, "in every phase of society; but Mrs. Rapstock herself is not at all free from dissimulation in another way. She palms it off at every convenient opportunity that her grandmother was a lady in her own right, and one of the Carlton House beauties, but of late years Mrs. Rapstock's memory is not to be trusted, and sometimes she calls her said grandmother Lady Jemima, and sometimes Lady Anne." Aunt Louisa smiled.

"There is one thing to be said in her favour; she does not pass imitation jewels as realities; to-day she showed me a bracelet which had belonged, she said, to that grandmother, but on the band the name 'Emily' sparkled in brilliants—real diamonds, Louisa."

"But the truth is no more in her than in Miss Magnus, or poor Mrs. Cyril Johnstone," said Louisa, while Mrs. Piercie threw off her hat. "If her jewels are *real*, her words are not."

Mrs. Piercie heaved a deep sigh. She was ill at ease. After a time she spoke.

"I am about to make a confession, Loo. I have not estimated either my preaching sister or my plodding husband as I ought to have done; but you, dear, were always over wise, so I could afford to be over foolish!" She said this with a dim sort of forced smile that almost made Louisa shudder.

"Folly, dear Rhoda," she replied, "is what the richest among us can never afford; but I am afraid you have sometimes mistaken the shadow for the substance."

"Well, that is certainly true; but, Louisa, I have never worn imitation lace or false jewels."

"Your good taste, and our dear mother's teaching, saved you from that, and Edmund—only fancy Edmund detecting you in what children call 'make believes'!"

"I cannot forget that poor Mrs. Cyril Johnstone. Louisa, does it not seem to you very frightful—how women are drawn in, innocently too?" She paused.

"I cannot quite echo 'innocently,'" was the answer, "but I could 'thoughtlessly.'" There was a pause. When Louisa looked at Rhoda she thought her complexion had changed from pale to grey. She seemed to her to be looking into, and questioning space, asking, as it were, what fruit the future was about to bring, or to blight! There was a dim, hungry expression, and her faithful loving sister saw that she was heavily oppressed.

Louisa Brown generally was neither eloquent nor demonstrative; but she rose from her seat, went and sat down beside her sister, and kissed her tenderly. "What is it, Rhoda, darling?" she said; "there is something wrong with you, as well as with Mrs. Cyril Johnstone and others of our neighbours. What is it?"

"Though I do not wear imitation lace or sport mock jewels, I am no more pure gold than others. I have had wrong thoughts, and done wrong things, more than are known either to my prudent sister or to my wise husband."

"Tell me what is the matter," said Louisa, "though, perhaps, you would rather tell Edmund; he should have your first confidence."

Mrs. Piercie sprang to her feet. "That is it, that is it!" she exclaimed. "I cannot tell him, he must never know. He, so upright, so truthful, so straightforward. It was only yesterday he said (we had had a little pout, it could not be called a quarrel, just a tiff)—when he said, 'Well, Roddy, whatever blots and blurs get fastened on other women, I always feel that, however overclouded you are occasionally by small vanities, you have never told me an untruth; you are a very temple of truth, my darling.' Think what I felt when Edmund said that to me."

"I hope," answered Louisa, "you felt as you ought to do; the idea of such praise being ever given to me would almost reconcile me to matrimony, even at this stage of my existence!"

Mr. Piercie was one of the most punctual of men. But the dinner hour had long passed, and the master of the house did not make his appearance. Rhoda was pressing her face against the glass of one window, and Louisa anxiously looking out of another, but not even a shadow fell upon the drive. A couple of venerable silver firs had for years afforded shelter to half-a-dozen rooks; they had returned from their excursions, and were indulging in their usual conversation and

rustlings previous to their arrangements for the night. It was with difficulty the children were kept away from the dining-room door. The time for dessert had come and gone. At last Rhoda's quick ear detected the creak of the avenue gate, succeeded by the click of the large heavy latch as it swung back.

"There he is!" exclaimed Louisa.

"No," replied Rhoda; "he would ride home; no hoofs ring on the drive."

"He might walk for once," persisted Louisa.

"No. There is a shadow on the pathway, a halting shadow, don't you see? It is Thompson, one of the old clerks."

Mrs. Piercie flew out of the room and down the steps to meet the messenger. She spoke to him for full five minutes; he then bowed and departed. Mrs. Piercie returned to the house; a servant was in the hall, and she ordered dinner to be served, but she was trembling and deadly pale.

"What is it, dearest? do tell me what it is," inquired Louisa.

"It must be something terrible," was the reply; "Edmund may not be home to-night; we must not expect him, and Thompson told me that Mrs. Bond had ordered a carriage and post-horses from the Crown, and the landlord would not send them; Thompson said he could have sent them if he liked, but he made excuses."

"Did Thompson tell you that?"

"Yes."

"How strange he should say anything about the Bonds!"

"I asked him if he had heard anything about them."

Both ladies were so preoccupied that dinner was little more than a ceremony. When it was removed the children's voices and footsteps echoed from the hall. Rhoda rose with sudden impatience.

"You are not going yet?" exclaimed her sister.

"I must go," was the reply. "My head is aching; I cannot bear the children's voices; I will go to my room and try to sleep; do not disturb me."

She staggered rather than walked a pace or two, then turned, flung herself on her sister's neck, and whispered, "Pray for me, Louisa; pray for me as you never prayed before!"

The little ones entered, but crouched together. The next moment their mother had folded them in her arms, and the marks of her tears remained on their innocent cheeks after she rushed up-stairs.

## ENGLISH PILGRIMAGES.

### I.

THE history of pilgrimages is a history of imposture and of superstition. There was a glow of attractive romance about

"Those holy fields

Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,"

nailed centuries before "for our advantage to the bitter cross;" but the enthusiasm natural to such associations was from the earliest times overlaid with false ideas. The custom of making pilgrimages to spots of reputed sanctity prevailed to a great extent in the later ages of paganism, and, coupled with a reverence for relics, was transferred, at a very early period, to the Christian church. Journeys of this kind to Jerusalem are mentioned in the third century; and, in the fourth, they are said by St. Jerome

to have been common from all parts of the Roman empire. The custom of worshipping the relics of martyrs also prevailed in Egypt in the same century. It was, however, much later before either practice became established in its full extent; probably not till the time of the Crusades. In England there were few shrines or relics of great repute which dated beyond this period. In some of the most celebrated, as that of the Virgin at Walsingham, and the true blood at Hailes, the sacred *materiel* was professedly imported by the Crusaders; whilst the greatest of all, the shrine of Becket, at Canterbury, derived its existence from an event as late as the twelfth century.

In the number of domestic shrines, England alone exceeded all other countries. Thirty-eight existed in Norfolk alone; and to one of these, that of our Lady of Walsingham, Erasmus says, every Englishman, not thought irreligious, was accustomed to pay his homage. The pilgrims who arrived at Canterbury on the sixth jubilee of the translation of Becket, are said to have exceeded 100,000; a number which, if correctly given, must have comprised nearly a twentieth of the entire population of the kingdom. Even on the eve of the Reformation, when pilgrimage had much declined, it appears that upwards of 500 devotees, bringing money or cattle, arrived in one day at an obscure shrine in Wales.

The professional costume of a pilgrim in the earlier times is usually described as consisting of a long, coarse, russet gown with large sleeves, and sometimes patched with crosses; a leathern belt worn round the shoulders or loins, a bowl and bag, or scrip, suspended from it; a round hat turned up in front, and stuck with scallop-shells or small leaden images of saints; a rosary of large beads hanging from the neck or arm; and a long walking-staff (the *bouardon*), hooked like a crozier, or furnished near the top with two hollow balls, which were occasionally used as a musical instrument. We recall, in pleasant contrast, the lines of Sir Walter Raleigh:—

" Give me my scallop shell of quiet,  
My staff of faith to walk upon;  
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;  
My bottle of salvation;  
My gown of glory (hope's true gage),  
And then I'll take my pilgrimage."

Before setting out, the pilgrim received consecration, which was extended also to the several articles of his attire. On a certain day he repaired to the church, and, after making confession, he prostrated himself before the altar, where certain prayers and masses were said over him, ending with the *Gloria Patri, Ad te, Domine, levavi*, and the *Miserere*. He then arose, and the priest consecrated his scrip and staff, sprinkling each with holy water, and placing the former round his neck, and the latter in his hand. If he were going to Jerusalem, the crosses of his gown were sprinkled in the same way, and publicly sewed upon his garment. The service then ended with the mass, *De iter agentibus*; and, on the day of taking his departure, he was sometimes led out of the parish in procession, with the cross and holy water borne before him. Before commencing his journey, he also settled his worldly affairs, and frequently gave a part of his goods to religious uses.

The property of pilgrims was secured during their absence from injury, nor could they be arrested or

cast in any civil process. The most desperate characters respected their sanctity, and in some instances have been known, after robbing them by the way, to restore all they had taken from them. The pilgrims to foreign places were compelled by a law of 9 Edward III to embark and return by Dover, "in relief and comfort of the said town;" and, in 13 Richard II, 1389, at the request of "the barons of Dover," who alluded to this ordinance, the king commanded that all pilgrims and others, excepting soldiers and merchants, should embark at Plymouth or Dover, and nowhere else, without special license from the king himself: those, however, who wished to go to Ireland, might embark where they pleased. From the reason assigned by the barons for their petition, it has been inferred that the restriction arose from a desire to check the smuggling, which is said to have been extensively carried on by persons in this disguise. At Dover, too, was founded a hospital called the *Maison Dieu*, for the reception of poor pilgrims, a considerable portion of which building remains to the present day.

In the order of foreign pilgrims must be reckoned the palmers, a class of men whose real history and condition are little known, though their name is familiar. Their designation is supposed to have been derived from the palm (the symbol of Palestine), branches of which were brought home by them, as evidences of their journey. The distinction between them and ordinary pilgrims has been defined as follows: "The pilgrim had some home or dwelling-place; but the palmer had none. The pilgrim travelled to some certain designed place; but the palmer to all. The pilgrim went at his own charges; but the palmer professed wilful poverty, and went upon alms. The pilgrim might give over his profession, and return home; but the palmer must be consistent till he obtained his palm by death." These distinctions, however, were not invariably preserved. The profession of a palmer was, at first, voluntary, and arose in that rivalry of fanaticism which existed in the earlier part of the middle ages. But afterwards, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, it was not unfrequently imposed as a penance.

The rise of the domestic shrines of England, and the decline of foreign pilgrimage, are evidences of the milder character which asceticism had begun to wear. The spirit and manner of these home pilgrimages differed in many respects from those of the earlier kind. They had but little of the solemn preparation of devotional austerity; for, probably, few domestic pilgrims underwent the ceremony of consecration, or travelled in any peculiar costume. This is evident from Chaucer's pilgrims, who are all equipped in their gayest dresses, and exhibit no distinctive sign of their profession in appearance or spirit.

" Every man in his wize made hertly cheare,  
Telling his fellow of sportes and of cheer,  
And of mirthes that fallen by the waye,  
As custom is of pilgryms, and hath been many a daye."

These remarks, however, are chiefly true of the customary and periodical pilgrimages. In those which were undertaken spontaneously from some strong emotion, a severer character prevailed. Mr. Fosbroke contends that in pilgrimages of this kind, it was an essential condition that the pilgrim should walk his journey barefoot. In one of the pilgrimages of Henry VIII to Walsingham, he is said by Spelman to have walked thither barefoot from Bareham, a

distance of about three miles; and Henrietta Maria's pilgrimages from St. James's to Tyburn were similarly performed. In all pilgrimages of real devotion, the practice of, at least, walking was common. In one of the Paston Letters, written in 1471, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk are mentioned as making a pilgrimage together in this way from Framlingham to Walsingham; and it must have been adopted from necessity in the cases in which entire families made pilgrimages, with all their children and servants.

A passage quoted from one of the early State trials gives us an idea of the spirit in which pilgrimages were conducted. The dialogue occurs between a disciple of Wickliffe, in the time of Henry the Fourth, and Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury:

"Also, sir," he says, "I knowe well, that when diverse men and women will go after their owne wills, and finding out a pilgrimage, they will order to have with them both men and women that can sing wanton songs; and some other pilgrims will have with them bagpipers, so that every towne they come through, what with the noise of their singing and the sound of their piping, and with the jangling of their Canterbury bells, and with the barking out of dogs after them, that they make more noise than if the king came that waye, with all his clarions and minstrells. And if these men and women be a half a year after great janglers, tale-tellers, and liars."

To this the Archbishop quaintly replies, that—

"Pilgrims have with them singers and also pipers, that when one of them that goeth bare-foote striketh his toe upon a stone, and maketh it to bleed, it is well done that he or his fellow begin then a song, or else take out of his bosome a bagpipe, to drive away with such mirthe the hurte of his fellow. For with such solace the travaile and weariness of pilgrims is lightly and merrily brought forth."

In almost every town and neighbourhood the loose and idle part of the population seem to have been the most persevering pilgrims. The interlocutor in Sir Thomas More's "Dialogue on the Adoration of Images" observes that "the most part that cometh, cometh for no devotion at all, but only for good company to babble thitherward, and drinke dronke there, and then dance and reel homeward." But so far as the positive evidence goes, the pilgrimages of the better classes were more severe in their character, or at least more decorous.

The object of a pilgrimage was sometimes of a general and sometimes of a particular kind; and the ceremonial which took place on arriving at a shrine differed accordingly. At Boxley, for example, the pilgrim underwent a sort of ordeal, which was supposed to determine his spiritual state: he was required to lift a small wooden image of St. Rumbold, which was artfully pinned to the altar, if his offering had been insufficient. At Hailes, he was shown a vial of the true blood, with a blackened side, which, if turned towards the pilgrim, rendered the contents invisible.

A visit to a shrine frequently included nothing more than the ordinary gratification of curiosity or superstition. The general practice may be inferred from the description given by Erasmus of his visit to Walsingham. His dialogue on this subject is, perhaps, too fanciful in parts to be implicitly adopted; but, there is no reason to doubt the general

corre  
The  
the s  
purp  
again  
mitte  
wicke  
knig  
on th  
of th  
place  
stood  
for n  
been  
was  
and a  
indig  
rare v  
limits  
drink  
to ha  
centu  
of it,  
skin a  
enter  
the ti  
from  
doors  
the V  
its op  
and  
stood  
terior  
solely  
image  
shrin  
the al  
upon  
taken  
preve  
his o  
outer  
the V  
preve  
pilgr  
and,  
to rec  
were  
relic i  
mixed  
The i  
their  
appro  
At  
there  
The p  
honou  
pre-er  
the p  
Cant  
pilgr  
chasti  
also p  
with  
of g  
allow  
mona  
anoth  
bishi

correctness of its details, the minuteness of which gives it additional value.

The pilgrims who arrived at Walsingham entered the sacred precinct by a low, narrow wicket. It was purposely made difficult to pass, as a precaution against the robberies which were frequently committed at the shrine. On the gate in which the wicket opened was nailed a copper image of a knight on horseback, whose miraculous preservation on the spot by the Virgin formed the subject of one of the numerous legendary stories with which the place abounded. To the east of the gate, within stood a small chapel, where the pilgrim was allowed for money to kiss a gigantic bone, said to have been the finger-bone of St. Peter. After this he was conducted to a building, thatched with reeds and straw, inclosing two wells in high repute for indigestion and headache, and also for the more rare virtue of insuring to the votary, within certain limits, whatever he might wish for at the time of drinking their waters. The building itself was said to have been transported there through the air, many centuries before, in a deep snow; and, as a proof of it, the visitor was gravely pointed to an old bear-skin attached to one of the beams. After this he entered the outer chapel, an unfinished building at the time of Erasmus, who describes the high winds from the neighbouring sea blowing through its open doors and windows. Within this stood the chapel of the Virgin, a small wooden building, with doors in its opposite sides, through which the pilgrims entered and retired. The celebrated image of Our Lady stood within it on the right of the altar. The interior was kept highly perfumed, and illuminated solely by tapers, which dimly revealed the sacred image, surrounded by the gold and jewels of the shrine. The pilgrim knelt awhile on the steps of the altar in prayer, and then deposited his offering upon it, and passed on. What he gave was instantly taken up by a priest, who stood in readiness to prevent the next comer from stealing it in depositing his own offering. At an altar, apparently in the outer chapel, was exhibited the celebrated relic of the Virgin's milk. It was inclosed in crystal, to prevent contamination, and set in a crucifix. The pilgrims knelt on the steps of the altar to kiss it, and, after the ceremony, the priest held out a board to receive their offerings, like that with which tolls were collected at the foot of bridges. The sacred relic itself, Erasmus says, was excessively like chalk mixed with the white of eggs, and was quite solid. The image of the Virgin and her Son, as they made their salute, also appeared to him to give a nod of approbation.

At Canterbury, which Erasmus has also described, there appears to have been less variety of incident. The pilgrim was there chiefly employed in doing honour to the relics of almost countless saints, and pre-eminently to those of Becket. His shrine was the principal boast and glory of the cathedral at Canterbury for ages. The reader must recollect the pilgrimage of Henry II thither, and his personal chastisement at the hands of the monks: this king also paid a second visit to the shrine, in company with Louis VII of France, who not only made oblations of gold and jewels, but granted by charter an allowance of wine annually for the use of the monastery. Philip, Earl of Flanders, was also another distinguished visitor, and William, Archbishop of Rheims. The concourse of persons resort-

ing to this shrine was so great, that a new gate was built for their convenience; not less than 200,000 pilgrims having bent the knee at this celebrated place in one year. One result of these costly offerings was their appropriation to the rebuilding of the cathedral, as it in part exists to this day.

The martyrdom of Becket was also celebrated by a jubilee every fifty years, on one of which occasions 100,000 persons made offerings. There had been seven of these jubilees before the Reformation, the last of them being in 1520.

Becket's body is understood to have been first privately buried at the east end of the crypt at Canterbury; but the oblations at his tomb after he had been sainted, enabling the monks to erect a more splendid shrine, his remains were transported thither, in 1220, with great solemnity and rejoicings; the Pope's Legate, the Archbishops of Canterbury and Rheims, bishops and abbots, carrying the coffin and depositing it in its new resting-place.

Erasmus has detailed the wealth lavished upon this superb shrine: he says, "A coffin of wood, which covered a coffin of gold, was drawn up by ropes and pulleys, and discovered an invaluable treasure: gold was the meanest ornament to be seen there: every part shone and glittered with the rarest and most costly jewels, of extraordinary size and value; some were larger than the egg of a goose!" Beyond the Chapel, in the vertex of the cathedral, called Becket's Crown, Erasmus tells us was to be seen "the whole face of the blessed Martyr, set in gold and adorned with many jewels." He describes, with equal minuteness, the reliques of Becket. "On the north of the choir," he says, "the guides opened several doors, and the pilgrim beheld an immense collection of bones of all kinds—skull-bones, jaw-bones, teeth, hands, fingers, etc., which they kissed as they were severally taken out. In doing honour to the reliques of Becket, they kissed the rusty point of the sword that split his skull, and the fissure of the skull itself, exposed for that purpose in a silver case; and near the Saint's monument were hung his hair-shirt, his belt, and clothes."

On the steep flights of steps leading to the shrine are still visible the indentations on the stones made by the pilgrim bands who visited them in successive ages. Louis VII sent to the shrine the priceless jewel called the "Regale of France," a diamond "as large as an egg," having a light like flame. Richard Cœur de Lion visited it after his escape from his Austrian dungeon. Edward I offered here the golden crown of conquered Scotland. Here came Henry V on his return from Agincourt. Indeed, every English king in succession appears reverentially to have visited the shrine of St. Thomas, as Becket was now called. Churches were dedicated to him throughout every part of Christendom, from Palestine to Scotland. Emanuel, the Emperor of the East, and Sigismund, the Emperor of the West, both came here. In 1520 Henry VIII and the great Emperor Charles V knelt here together.

The shrine of St. Edward the Confessor originally formed the eastern termination of the Abbey Church at Westminster. The remains of the royal founder himself lie there encircled by the ashes of kindred sovereigns, some of whom were the noblest that ever swayed the British sceptre. King Edward's shrine stands nearly in the middle of the chapel floor, and had formerly an altar attached to it, at which multi-

## ENGLISH PILGRIMAGES.

tudes of every degree made their oblations, and besought the intercessional agency of the sainted monarch, either for the cure of diseases, or for the remission of retributinal punishments for acknowledged sins.

Edward died January 5, 1065—66, and was interred before the high altar, within the church which he had erected upon the spot. His peculiar sanctity had obtained for his memory such repute, that William the Norman performed his devotions, and made rich offerings at his tomb, which he rebuilt in a more costly style. The miracles attributed to King Edward likewise so enhanced his reputation, that he was regarded as a saint long previously to his canonisation in 1161. The remains of the sainted monarch were afterwards solemnly translated by Archbishop Becket to a shrine prepared by Henry II. This removal took place in 1163, nearly ninety-nine years after Edward's interment; yet his body, according to the monkish historians, was still entire and uncorrupted, and his garments undecayed. When the choir and eastern division of the Abbey Church had been sufficiently completed by Henry III for divine service, that monarch gave orders for the retranslation of the body of St. Edward into the new shrine which he had prepared for it in this chapel; the anniversary of which ceremony (October 13, 1269) was celebrated for nearly three centuries afterwards.

On St. Edward's day, the principal citizens of London, in their corporate capacity, were accustomed to visit the shrine; and at the same time grand processions, with wax tapers, were made to it by all the religious communities of the metropolis. The splendour of the festival was frequently heightened by the presence of the sovereign and his court; and, in the year 1390, Richard II (who had selected the Confessor as his patron saint) and his queen sat crowned in the Abbey Church, with their sceptres in their hands, during the celebration of mass on this anniversary. But it was not only on this day that Edward's memory was thus honoured; on all extraordinary occasions, and at the three great feasts of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, his shrine was the principal resort of the people. Here vows were made, thanks returned, prayers offered up, and benefits solicited. Every rank in society, from the prince to the vagrant, flocked hither to make their oblations. At this shrine Henry IV (whilst performing his devotions to St. Edward), who had been some time afflicted, was seized on March 20, 1413, with his mortal fit, when on the eve of his departure for the Holy Land.

All pilgrimages to canonised shrines were professedly devotional; but the devotee often visited them to satisfy some personal want or secular interest. This arose from that subdivision of the Romish, as of the classical, calendar, which assigned a tutelary deity to almost every situation or contingency of life; and in consequence filled the country with shrines of a specific virtue. The superstition is quaintly ridiculed in a passage in the "Dyalogue," before alluded to, of Sir Thomas More.

"We set," says the interlocutor of the Dialogue, "every saint in his office, and assign him a craft such as pleaseth us. Saint Loy we make a horse-leech, and because one smith is too few at the forge, we set Saint Ippolitus to help him. Saint Appollonia we make a tooth-drawer, and may speake to her of nothing but sore teeth. Saint Sythe women set to seek their keyes. Saint Roke we appoint to see to the great sickness, and with him we join St. Sebastian. Some saints serve for the eye only. St. Germain only for children, and yet will he not once

look at them but if their mothers bring with them a white loaf and a pot of good ale. And yet is he wiser than St. Wylgefoste; for she, good soul, is, as they say, content to be served with oats, peradventure to provide a horse for an evil husband to ride to the devil, for that is the thing she is so sought for; insomuch that women have changed her name, and, instead of St. Wylgefoste, call her St. Uncumber, because they reckon that, for a peck of oats, she will not fail to uncumber them of their husbands."

This enumeration might be carried much further. St. Anne, for example, was supposed to have a peculiar efficacy in recovering lost goods; and St. Leonard in assisting debtors to escape from prison. St. Sebastian was all-powerful against the plague, St. Petronel against fevers, St. Genow against the gout, etc.; and, had the cholera then raged, the cunningly pious would, doubtless, have found a defensive saint against its ravages. Again, the intercession of St. Anthony was believed to assuage the inflammatory disease known as St. Anthony's Fire. In the same manner every trade had its patron saint, and even the ratcatcher could hope for no success in his profession without the kindly interference of St. Gertrude. From the same local and specific efficacy, some shrines that were uncanonised enjoyed repute little inferior to those which boast of a celestial patron. A singular shrine of this kind existed at Winfarthing, in Norfolk, containing a precious relic, called "the good sword of Winfarthing." It was efficient in the recovery of lost property, of horses stolen or strayed, and in the still more important office of shortening the lives of refractory husbands. To obtain its interference in this way, the impatient helpmate was simply required to enter the church on every Sunday throughout the year, and set up a lighted candle before the relic.

The pilgrimages to sanative wells and fountains must be reckoned among those to specific shrines. Springs of this kind, when consecrated, were generally found in the neighbourhood of some chapel or monastery of their patron-saint, within which a part of the ceremony usually took place. The counties of Norfolk and Suffolk contained sanatory wells of various efficacy, at Woolpit, East Dereham, Wereham, Bawburgh, etc. The effect of these wells was, probably, not always imaginary. In many instances a medical advantage might arise from the ceremony which the visitor underwent.

In some instances the imputed efficacy of these wells was of a moral kind. At many of the wells, as at the Wishing Wells at Walsingham, the ceremony consisted in the pilgrims drinking the waters and leaving some costly offering. In the account of Walsingham Chapel, in Moore's "Monastic Remains," is the following:—"The Wishing Wells still remain—two circular stone-pits, filled with water, inclosed with a square wall, where the pilgrims used to kneel and throw in a piece of gold, whilst they prayed for the accomplishment of their wishes."

In the ancient form, which was purely pagan, crooked pins only were thrown in, "to the genius of the spring," or scraps of the garment of the pilgrim attached as a memorial to the neighbouring bushes, as is still the case in Ireland (see "Leisure Hour," page 681). This custom was continued to the last at Whiteford and other medicated wells. But when the waters were rescued from their pagan patrons, and placed under the charge of Christian saints, it was a natural change to substitute some more valuable gift.



*Werner.*

[By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.]

THE CHRISTMAS SUIT.



## CHRISTMAS—A FESTIVAL OF JEWISH ORIGIN?

WHY DO WE KEEP IT ON THE 25TH DECEMBER, AND WHAT IS THE MEANING OF ITS OBSERVANCE?

BY THE REV. DR. EDERSHEIM.

OF the various questions debated in church history, scarcely one has been discussed with more partisan keenness, or ended in more decidedly unsatisfactory results, than that concerning the origin of our present Christmas date. Certain facts connected with it are, of course, universally admitted. We all know what is the meaning of Christmas; and, similarly, that at first the festival was celebrated in the East at a different from the present date, the latter being introduced from the West into the East, in the second half of the fourth century. But there our agreement ends. Why the change of the date was made, does not appear from the writings of that period, and has never since been satisfactorily settled. Coming from the West, the suggestion lay near, that it originated in a desire to utilise for the most solemn Christian purposes a series of Pagan Roman festivals, which took place in the month of December. But the latest, most learned, and most philosophical of church historians, Neander, has, after seemingly adopting this view, shown its inherent improbability. Not to speak of the incongruousness of adapting, say, the Roman Saturnalia to a feast of the Nativity of Christ, not a trace of such a suggestion can be found even in those writings of sectaries which controvert kindred points in church practice. Besides, as Neander remarks, "the prevailing mode of procedure in the Western Church was by no means to connect the celebration of Christian festivals with Pagan, but rather to set over against the Pagan festivals days of fasting and penitence." And so the historian concludes by giving up as hopeless the search for the outward causes which led to the change of the date and the adoption of the 25th December. The admission invites and encourages fresh investigation. We propose, therefore, to reconsider the arguments first propounded by Dr. Cassel, of Germany, who connects Christmas with the Jewish festivity of the Dedication of the Temple. And even if the reader should not be prepared to adopt his conclusions, we may offer them as a new contribution towards the solution of this question, and as one possessing, at any rate, the merit of differing from all those commonly suggested.

At the outset, let us be clearly understood. It may be almost needless, and yet from another point of view it seems necessary, to say that our object is neither apologetic nor controversial. It does not fall within its range to plead either for or against the religious observance of Christmas. We assume the latter as a fact, and simply account for its occurrence on the 25th December, and for the various customs which we see associated with it. And in so doing we hope to meet the case of all, whatever their special views. For, mostly the whole of Christendom is agreed in bearing on that day a remembrance of the birth of our blessed Lord; and even they who

from conscientious scruples abstain from the religious observance, are not proof against the social customs, the good cheer, and the joyousness which the season brings.

Somewhat these customs are chiefly characteristic of the *Teutonic race*. The Roman Catholic Church celebrates the season with a Christmas Midnight Mass—the only time in the year when mass is celebrated at night. The Southern churches are plentifully bedizened with tawdry tinsel, and in Italy they introduce, besides the manger-cradle, a live ox and a donkey, partly to symbolise the supposed scene in Bethlehem, while a grotesque imitation of shepherds completes the representation. But the Christmas joy and the Christmas presents are transferred to New Year's Day. It is not so among the Teutonic races. With them Christmas joy has, so to speak, become indigenous—it is not imported. Even our countrymen who sejourn in other lands can only long for an English Christmas. For here or in Germany all seem in accordance—the country, the season, the surroundings. When the white covering of snow lies deep on field and road, the merry tinkle of the sledge-bells is heard, where a sparser population has not yet secured the advantages of modern progress. Among ourselves the snorting of the great iron horse, as it slowly drags up its heavy Christmas load, performs the same service. So far as at all practicable, the long-broken ranks will now be serried again, and the long-severed members of families gathered once more around the Christmas board. With a sort of joyous sound the Christmas bells have clashed it out together, as if their very ringing were to carry the gladness of Christmas tidings far into the winter scene. It is all dead around; but within it is warm and cheery. The Yule-log burns on the hearth, and the prickly holly and the evergreen decorate the home. In Germany, already the eve before, the children have hung up their stockings on their beds, that at night when they lie asleep "*Sankt Claus*" (St. Nicolaus) may come with noiseless footsteps and leave the unknown gift. Quite in the North the same object of a sudden gift, the hand of the giver being untraced, is served by the so-called *Yule-Clapp*. A knock at the door (a *Clapp* at *Yule*), and some hand unknown flings in the gift. This specially for children and the poor—for they are the fittest recipients of Christmas gifts. Then we have the Christmas board with its plentiful spread. Even such an ascetic as St. Francis of Assissi would say, "I wish it were possible that the very walls could eat meat."\* Scanderberg would not hurt even a Turk on that day. Theodoric the Great wished the poor, the sick, and

\* See these references in Paulus Cassel, "Weihnachten," etc., Berlin, L. Rank; also his article in Herzog's *Encyclop.*, vol. xvii. Dr. Cassel, a learned Jewish convert, whose name is far too little known in this country, was the first to suggest a Jewish origin of Christmas, and to his writings we are deeply indebted in the present article.

the sorrowing attended to, while the warrior Emperor Charlemagne ordered indulgence to be extended to his captives. Then in the evening the Christmas tree is brilliantly lit up, and hung with gilded apples, and around it the Christmas gifts are spread for young and old. There are some who imagine that this Christmas tree is, so to speak, characteristically Protestant, and the manger-representation Popish. It is not so. These customs are neither Popish nor Protestant. The Christmas tree, with its golden apples, is much older than the Reformation, and indeed was objected to by some of the Reformers. And so far from the cradle-manger being exclusively Popish, till within the last fifty years they were wont in the good old University town of Tübingen to put up a cradle between lighted candles on the top of the high church steeple every Christmas night at twelve o'clock, and to rock it for an hour, while the choir below sang the "*Gloria in excelsis.*" But if these customs are neither Popish nor Protestant, far less are they heathen, be it Teutonic, Eastern, or Roman. I do not know what amount of assent the statement will obtain, but the object of this paper is to bring before the reader some arguments in support of the views advanced by Dr. Cassel, that *Christmas with its date carries us back not to any heathen but to a Jewish festivity, and that its customs are significantly in accordance therewith.* To speak plainly, Christmas on this showing is the Christian counterpart of an old Jewish Temple festival, and though its customs are in their form necessarily the outcome of our habits, views, and even of our climate, yet they are quite in agreement with the spirit of the festival itself.

It is not pleasant to deal in controversy, and yet for argument it is necessary to try and put aside certain preconceived opinions, to which frequent repetition has given a show of authority, and which are supported by an appearance of learning. The most common and superficial of these is, that our Christmas has an old Teutonic origin, and that because we speak of burning the Yule-log, we are on the track of some ancient Pagan Yule-festival. This would scarcely accord with the spread of the observance southwards, in a direction the opposite from that in which ecclesiastical customs have been wont to flow. Far less would it account for the undoubted fact of the universal prevalence of the feast, and that on the 25th December, so early as the close of the fourth century. Another and more pretentious opinion is that which discovered in it the remnant of the old Persian Sun-Worship of *Mithra*. Unfortunately for the theory, there never was a feast of *Mithra* at that date, the Sun-festivals being in spring and in autumn. The story arose in this wise. Last century an old Roman Calendar was discovered, in which against the date of our present Christmas (viii. Cal. Jan.) were the words *N. Invicti*. The question who this "unconquered" was, led to the hypothesis that it was the *Sun*. The suggestion of Dr. Cassel, however, is much more likely to be true, that it referred not to the Sun, but to the Emperor Constantius, in whose reign the 25th December, 351, was a decisive day. It is quite true that that day marked in the Astronomical Calendar the *Aequinox*. But that could scarcely have led to a popular church festival; though, once appointed, the significance of the coincidence might be commented on by church teachers. There remains only one more theory to notice, which would make the date of our Christmas identical with the ancient Roman *Saturnalia*—though on what his-

torical ground it is difficult to say, since their principal days were the 17th to the 19th December. And now, these preliminary objections removed, we can address ourselves the more freely to our special inquiry.

Christmas, as we all know, is the festival of the nativity of our blessed Lord—of His appearance in the flesh. But Scripture says nothing as to its precise date, and the circumstance of shepherds tending their flocks all night in the plains of Bethlehem, though certainly not decisive, speaks rather against than for its occurrence on the night of the 25th December. Even tradition, usually so loquacious, is silent on this occasion. In point of fact, we know that in the early church Christmas Day was observed, not on the 25th December, but on the 6th of January, our present *Epiphany*. Indeed, the *Epiphany*, or "appearing" of our blessed Lord (Tit. ii. 11; iii. 4), was regarded as referring to the day of Christ's birth. This custom of keeping the Epiphany originated in the eastern branch of the church, where it had been introduced by Jewish Christians. The symbolical reason for fixing on the 6th of January as the day of Christ's birth is very clear, and distinctly mentioned in early writings. The first Adam had been created on a *Friday*, that is, on the sixth day of the first year; and the second Adam, the Lord Jesus, had suffered on a Friday, the sixth day of the week. It would therefore naturally suggest itself, that as the first Adam had appeared on the sixth day of the new year, so the second Adam also, who had died on the sixth day, should have "appeared" on the sixth day of a new year, that is, on the 6th of January. Accordingly, ancient Christian calendars, even in the fourth century, mention *Friday* as alike the day of our Lord's birth and of His death.\* Origen was the first to connect the "appearing" of Christ rather with His baptism than with His birth. But this was afterwards violently controverted by some, as tending to foster the heretical opinion that only at his baptism had the Divine Personality joined itself to the human nature of Jesus. Nevertheless the view continued to be held, though it gradually went into the background in favour of another opinion, that the "Epiphany" meant His first appearing to the Gentiles, and referred to the adoration of the Magi. Still later, the date was also regarded as that of the first "appearing" of His miraculous power at Cana in Galilee (John ii. 11), and (for some unknown reason) as that also of His miraculous feeding of the multitude.

About the same time that the observance of *Epiphany* in its new signification as the day of the adoration of the Magi, as Christ's baptismal day, and as the Epiphany of His miracles, passed from the Eastern into the Western branch of the church, the observance of Christmas as a separate festival on the 25th December spread from the West into the East. In his Christmas Homily, delivered at Antioch on the 25th December, 386, St. Chrysostom distinctly says that this observance, which had been long kept all throughout the West "from Thracia to Cadiz," had only been introduced in the East ten years previously, but had already been universally adopted. The only exception was that of the Armenian Church, which continued the observance of the 6th January as the birthday of Jesus. St. Chrysostom further

\* The quotations are given by Cassel at length.

insists that the Christmas festival of the 25th December rested on a very ancient tradition. With this statement so far agree the words of the so-called "Apostolical Constitutions," the first seven books of which belong, by universal consent, to a period prior to the Council of Nice, say, the end of the third century: "Brethren, observe the festival days; and first of all the birthday which you are to celebrate on the 25th of the ninth month" (Book V., sect. iii., 13). Which was meant by the *ninth* month we can have no difficulty in deciding. Reckoning after the Jewish and the Roman Calendar we find that *Nisan*, the first Jewish month, corresponded to *April*, and hence the ninth month to December.

We have now verified this additional historical fact, that Christmas was henceforth celebrated on the twenty-fifth day of the ninth month in the Jewish Calendar, which corresponded to our December. But why was this special date fixed upon? The objection to the former date, and to the *Epiphany*, was, that it represented the "appearing" of Christ in the sense of His *manifestation*, rather than of His *human birth*. But the main object of Christmas was to exhibit that the Son of God had taken to Himself a *true body*. What was there in the old economy which had symbolised the *body of Christ*? Undoubtedly a most notable symbol of it existed, and our Lord Himself had indicated it in express language. "Destroy this Temple," said Jesus unto the Jews, "and in three days I will raise it up." "But He spake of the Temple of His body." And a most significant emblem it was. For as in the Temple all sacrifices were offered and reconciliation was made, and through it alone access could be had unto the Father, so it is to us in and through the body of Christ, in and through His taking unto Himself our human nature, that we can approach God, and offer unto Him acceptable sacrifice. Accordingly, it was in this sense also most significant, that when He yielded up the ghost, the Temple-veil "was rent in twain from the top to the bottom" (Matt. xxvii. 51); and that even the bodies of Christians are designated by the apostle as "the temple of God" (1 Cor. iii. 16, 17; vi. 19; 2 Cor. vi. 16). But if the body with which the divinity of Christ was united was like "the Temple," then the birth of Jesus Christ was like the Dedication of the Temple, and *Christmas Day the feast of the true Dedication of the Temple*.

We have now two things to guide us further: the date of the festival of the Dedication of the Temple, and even the name, as recording ancient traditions. We begin with the latter, as the simplest of the two. Our English word "Christmas," or Christ's mass, gives us no clue; neither does the French "Noel," and its cognate terms in Italian and Spanish, which are simply a contraction of *dies natalis*, "the birthday." It is otherwise with the German *Weihnachten*, which, without tracing it up through the ancient high Dutch, takes you straight to the meaning: "Night of the Dedication." Now as for this Dedication of the Temple, we know that our blessed Lord was at Jerusalem at "the feast of the dedication, and it was winter. And Jesus walked in the Temple in Solomon's porch" (John x. 22, 23). It is very remarkable, that on that very occasion Christ for the first time told them "plainly" that His human nature was the Temple of the Divine, and finally in His own words, "that the Father is in Me, and I in Him" (v. 38). Indeed, this

"lesson," spoken by the Lord on Christmas Day in the Temple, ought to form part of our Christmas reading. But to continue. We further know as a historical fact, that the feast of the Dedication of the Temple (*Chanukah*), or "of candles," in remembrance of the restoration of the Temple, after the victory gained by Judas Maccabeus in 148 B.C. over the Syrians, took place on the twenty-fifth of the ninth month, or *Kislev*. Nor had this date been accidentally chosen. It had been fixed from of old, when Haggai spoke (ii. 18): "Consider now from this day and upward, from the twenty-fourth day of the ninth month, even from the day that the foundation of the Lord's temple was laid, consider it. . . . From this day will I bless you." Alike the name, then (*Weihnachten*), as perpetuating a very ancient tradition; the date of the corresponding Temple-festival, as fixed in prophecy and in history; but, above all, the meaning and import of the Incarnation of Christ—His taking unto Himself a true body—all point to one conclusion.

We have thus stated the ground on which the argument rests that Christmas Day was celebrated on the 25th December, because it was the fulfilment of what had been symbolised in the feast of the Dedication of the Temple, which took place on the 25th of the ninth month, corresponding to our December. It is not necessary for our present purpose to maintain that this reference was understood even in the latter half of the fourth century, when the Christmas observance of the 25th December became general. Suffice that already at that time it rested "on a very ancient tradition." The tradition may have been known, even while its origin had been forgotten. And yet it is singular how our Christmas customs are so thoroughly in accordance with it. Those tall, straight fir-trees, with their branches stretched out like arms, are like the candlestick in the Temple, and, as among Israel during that feast every home was lighted up, so the Christmas trees also are lighted to symbolise the same truth of light shining out into the darkness. The "gilded apples" with which they are hung were intended to convey a kindred meaning. According to Christian legend, the fruit of the tree which had caused our parents' fall was of the apple kind (*malum a malo*). But now the apple is gilded, and it hangs on the Christmas tree, which is lit up in joy for the Dedication of the true Temple, which is the body of the second Adam. As for the superstitious practice of introducing the manger-cradle, we cannot find too strong words to condemn its silliness and profanity. But it is a curious illustration alike of how, in the providence of God, whatever is false avenges itself, and of the origin of superstition, that the practice of placing an ox and an ass by the side of the manger-cradle arose from a false translation\* of Hab. iii. 2: "Revive thy work in the midst of the years." The Septuagint renders it, "in the midst of two beasts shall he be known," and this, with a further reference to Isaiah i. 3, led to the custom which now so shocks our sense of reverence!

But to us all, whatever our special views or conclusions may be, Christ is the true Temple, and His Incarnation the real Dedication of the Temple. God grant that from our homes the true Light of Christ, "a light to lighten the Gentiles," may shine forth into the wintry darkness of the heathen world, and also "so shine before men, that they may see our good works, and glorify our Father which is in heaven."

\* See Cassel, u. s.

ON pa  
and the tou  
which  
tours.  
number  
on this

Some  
mathem  
some le  
German  
book at

In so  
All tou  
and op  
that is,  
German  
just wi  
other t  
on any  
pend a

The  
peared  
Scienc  
query.  
asked  
to me  
to for  
to kno  
I find  
either  
are se  
essenti  
64 bei  
necessa  
'oddly'  
The a  
possibl  
not to

A n  
ing, o  
later c

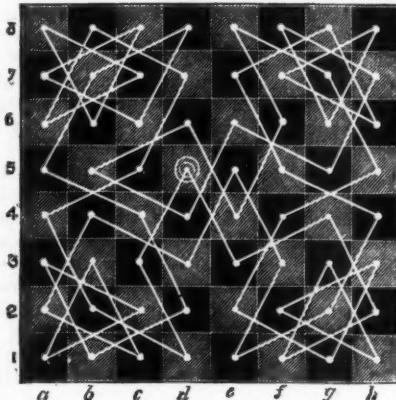


### THE KNIGHT'S TOUR.

ON reading the article in the September part, pages 587-590, I was pleased with the diagrams and the simplicity with which the writer has explained the tour, but I was not satisfied with the figures which J. B. D. gives for the number of possible tours. I am not aware if there is a solution for the number of tours, for I have not read all the works on this subject.

Some ten years ago, when I was a student of mathematics at the Polytechnic in Hanover, I read some lengthy and clever articles on the tour in the German "Schachzeitung," but as I have not the book at hand I cannot give any extracts from it.

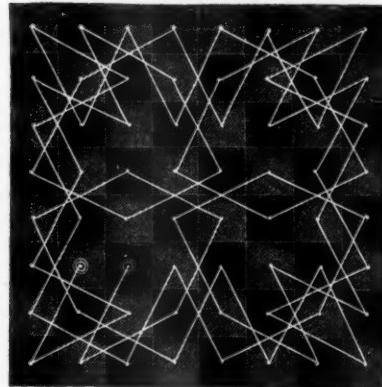
In solving this problem I should proceed thus:— All tours are divided into two classes, namely, closed and open. Some tours are endless or re-entering—that is, the Knight, or Springer, as he is called in German, Danish, etc., after completing his tour, is just within one leap of the square whence he started; other tours have two endings—that is, they begin on any white and end on any black square. I append a specimen of each.



The tour represented in the above diagram appeared in the "English Mechanic and World of Science," August, 1872. I sent it in answer to a query. A correspondent, E. L. G., subsequently asked the following question, namely, "It seems to me impossible for a tour of the whole board to form a symmetrical pattern, and I should like to know if any proof of this impossibility exists. I find it easy to cover symmetrically 62 squares, either with a re-entering tour, or one whose ends are separate, and *any* 62, I think. But it seems essential to omit two squares. Is this dependent on 64 being an 'evenly even' number? Can it prove necessary for a symmetrical pattern to cover an 'oddly even,' or one whose half is odd, as 62?" The answer to this question seems to depend on the peculiarity mentioned by J. B. D., that it is possible to pass from a circuit to a dissimilar, but not to a similar circuit.

A most beautiful non-re-entering tour is the following, composed by Mr. Victor Gorgias, of Vienna, later of Oedenburg, and now of London, which first

appeared under my editorship in the "Gentleman's Journal," August, 1871.



This figure is produced by connecting the succeeding numbers of the following diagram with straight lines.

	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	
8	28	57	26	51	24	49	18	47	8
7	59	52	29	56	19	46	23	16	7
6	30	27	58	25	50	17	48	45	6
5	53	60	5	20	55	38	15	22	5
4	6	31	54	39	4	21	44	37	4
3	61	64	1	34	9	42	11	14	3
2	32	7	62	3	40	13	36	43	2
1	63	2	33	8	35	10	41	12	1
	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	

Other tours of Herr Gorgias are still more beautiful. Some of them form a star in the centre of the board. Draw the lines on the diagram thus:

b1, a3, e4, e5, d3, e1, g2, h4, g6, h8, f7, g5, h7, f8, d7, f6, g8, h6, f5, d4, e6, d8, b7, a5, b3, a1, c2, b4, a2, c1, e2, c3, a4, b6, a8, c7, b5, a7, c8, e7, c6, b8, a6, c5, e4, d6, e8, g7, h5, g3, h1, f2, g4, h2, f1, d2, f3, g1, h3, f4, d5, e3, d1, b2.

The following forms two stars:—

b2, a4, c5, b3, a1, c2, a3, 11, d2, f1, h2, f3, g5, e4, d6, e8, g7, h5, f4, g6, h8, f7, h6, g8, e7, c8, a7, c6, b4, d5, e3, d1, c3, b5, d4, e6, d8, b7, a5, c4, b6, a8, c7, a6, b8, d7, f8, h7, f6, g4, e5, d3, e1, g2, h4, f5, g3, h1, f2, h3, g1, e2, c1, a2.

In solving the problem of the numbers, count the tours from the ten squares that lie in a triangle forming one-eighth of the board, of which the three corners are a1, d4, d1, or 63, 39, 8. We have to find

## THE KNIGHT'S TOUR.

out how many tours there are that commence at a1 and terminate at b1, then those that begin at a1 and end at c2, then those that begin at a1 and end at d1, and so on; that is, all the tours that begin at a1 and end on any of 16 squares of another colour on one side of the longest diagonal. Then we have to find out all the tours that begin at b1 and end on any of 31 squares (not 32, for those ending at a7 or h2 are identical in *geometrical* form). Tours beginning at b2, c3, or d4, will end on any of 16 squares. Those beginning at c1, c2, d1, d2, and d3 will end on any of 31 squares.

If we now form groups of tours according to the *initial* and *terminal* squares, we have 16 groups from some, and 31 groups from other squares, namely, from a1, b2, c3, d4,  $4 \times 16 = 64$ , from b1, c1, c2, d1, d2, d3,  $6 \times 31 = 186$ , together  $64 + 186 = 250$  groups. But some of these groups have been counted twice, whilst they must come into reckoning only once, namely, tours going from a1 to b1; those going from b1 to a1 are identical, therefore the tours going from b1 to a1, to b2, to c3, and to d4, have been counted already in the 64 groups. Also tours going from c1 to b1 have been counted already under b1, and so it is with 5 groups under c2, 5 under d1, 3 under d2, and 6 under d3, which reduces the number of 250 by  $4 + 1 + 5 + 5 + 3 + 6 = 24$ , bearing 226 groups. Some of these groups are only the reverses of others, namely, tours between a1 and h7; those between b1 and h8 are identical, so are a1 g6 and c2 h8; a1 f5, and d3 h8; a1 f1, and c1 h1; that is, there are 11 in the a1 group. So we find 11 in the b2 group, namely b1 d8 and d1 b8, and ten others, of which only ten come in account, for the identical groups, b2 h1 and a1 g2 were already counted under a1. Going through the groups arising from the ten starting squares, we find nine lots of identical tours in the c3 group, eight in the d4 group, 16 in the c1 group, 12 in the d2 group, 12 in the b1 group, eight in the c2 group, four in the d3 group, and none in the d1 group, making together  $11 + 10 + 9 + 8 + 16 + 12 + 12 + 8 + 4 = 90$  groups, which, subtracted from 226, leave 136. Among the 226 are 46 that have no equals, of which 24 terminate *inside*, and 22 outside the triangle. To the 24 belong such as a1 b1, a1 d3, d3 d4, etc., and to the 22 such as a1 h1, b1 b8, b1 g1, d3 c3, b1 h2, etc. These 46 subtracted from 226, leave 180, of which one half are merely the reverses of the other half, namely 90.  $90 + 46$  are 136, which is the same number obtained above in a different way. These 136 groups include all possible routes;\* they arise from the ten squares, which lie wholly or partly in the triangle. We may imagine ten ribbons or ropes fastened on the ten squares (one rope on each square): each rope consisting of a number of cords, and each cord consisting of a greater number of threads. We require 136 cords, but the number of threads must be as great as the number of tours. These threads might

be fastened on cylinders erected in the centres of each of the 64 squares, and the threads going to the centres of each square in the order of the knight's move would form a very complicated network.

Some of these tours belong to the first class (of endless tours). From our 10 squares originate 2 groups of tours under a1, 3 groups under b1, 4 under each of the three greater groups from b2, c1, and d1, 6 under c2, and the same number under d2, and 8 under each of c3, d3, and d4. Now, as tours going from a1 to c2 and those going from c2 to a1 are identical, we must not count them twice, but only once, which reduces these numbers of groups of endless tours. Counting the groups in the way a1, b1, b2, c1, c2, c3, d1, d2, d3, d4, we have  $2 + 3 + 4 + 4 + (6 - 1) + (8 - 1) + (4 - 2) + (6 - 1) + (8 - 2) + (8 - 1) = 53 - 8 = 45$  groups. Some of these groups are identical, for from the four starting-points, a1, b2, c3, and d4, we must count only the terminating points that lie on one side of the diagonal. Therefore we have to exclude one group under a1, 2 under b2, 4 under c3, and 4 under d4, which leaves us  $45 - 11 = 34$  groups. But there are some more to be excluded, for we have 13 couples of pairs which correspond together: such are b1 a3 and c1 a2; c2 e3 and d3 f2; d1 e3 and d3 e1; d4 f5 and d3 e5; d3 e5 and d3 f4, etc. These subtracted from 34, leave 21 groups of non-re-entering tours that belong to the endless variety, and these are they that form all the endless tours. Let us see how many tours there are in each of the twenty-one groups, and then we shall have solved the problem as regards endless tours. We have to answer these questions: First group: How many tours are there that begin at a1 and end at c2? Second group: How many are there that begin at b1 and end at d2? Third group: How many begin at b1 and end at c3? and so on.

The number of groups of open tours is 136 - 21 = 115, which number can be obtained by a calculation differing from the above, thus: all tours arise from  $32 \times 32 = 1024$  pairs of squares. In each quarter of the board we find  $24 + 8 + 8 + 2 = 42$  pairs which lead to closed tours, therefore the board contains  $4 \times 42 = 168$  such pairs. Sixteen pairs, as mentioned in the footnote, have corresponding pairs on every side of the board, therefore we have to subtract  $168 + 4 \times 16 = 232$ , and there remain 792 pairs, to each of which 7 pairs correspond. To each of the 8 triangles belong  $792 : 8 = 99$  such pairs. Therefore from the 1024 we have to exclude  $168 + 3 \times 16 + 7 \times 99 = 909$ , and there remain 115 pairs. This leaves no doubt that the numbers 136 and 21 are correct.

I have looked through the books in my library and found only in Tomlinson's "Amusements in Chess," London, MDCCXLV, page 123, these words: "Of the number of ways in which the problem can be solved no estimate has yet, as far as we are aware, been made; nor do we know of any means but actual trial by which it could be determined, since the regular arithmetical law of permutation will not here apply. If the squares of the board were numbered from 1 to 64, and these numbers were noted down in the order in which the knight moved, we have very little doubt that this order might be varied in more than a million different ways; there are  $64 \times 32 = 2048$  modes of varying the initial and terminal squares alone; and in each mode the intermediate moves are susceptible of variation at almost every step of the process."

\* Here we have 136, on page 583 we read of 123. Let us see which is correct. He says (under 3, line 2): "to every pair of differently-coloured squares on the board there correspond seven other similarly situated pairs." But this is not true for pairs that lie in the same column, and equidistant from the centre of the board. There are sixteen pairs of this sort, namely, four pairs in each of the four columns, that form one half of the board. Each of such a pair, as A<sub>1</sub> D<sub>1</sub>, (notation of the key table), or B<sub>1</sub> C<sub>1</sub>, or D<sub>1</sub> A<sub>1</sub>, or C<sub>1</sub> B<sub>1</sub>, etc., appears only four (and not eight) times on the board. To a1 h1 (using the most common [German, Russian, Swedish, Danish, Dutch, Hungarian, Portuguese, etc.] notation) correspond h1 h8, h8 a8, and a1. This gives us  $4 \times 16 = 64$  pairs. Consequently among the 1024 varieties (page 583) are 64, to each of which not seven but three correspond. The number 1024 - 64 = 960 is to be divided by 8, which gives 120, and 64 is to be divided by 4, which gives 16, together  $120 + 16 = 136$ . Readers will understand I use the word *group* instead of *variety*.

J. B.  
tours b  
with th  
alone."

by wh  
those  
J. B.  
what t  
tours f  
many t  
million  
over 10  
out a fe  
approx  
if J. B.  
first tim

Amo  
voured  
are Eu  
Vander  
Mairan  
T. von  
It was  
in the  
is give  
ning a  
square

The  
arithme  
"Scha  
to 128  
June, 1

Some  
kind, t  
periodic  
is not p  
diagram  
h8, g6  
h5, f6,  
g5, f3  
h6, g4,  
b8, d7,  
as well  
260; a  
any tw  
diagon

\* Euler  
1842, vol.  
seits 463.

Warnsd

Schmalz

Ciccolini

Marchese

C. A. C

Mannheim

A. Alex

Moivre

page 30.

C. F. v

1772, aged

St. Peters

R. Will

For fur

cals on Ch

In Frenc

In Germ

Zeitung (1

In Dutc

In Engli

zine, The

Era, The

and Water

The Che

In Dan

All wor

mann's, G

993 wor

Skizze vo

The tw

Mr. J. W.

Allen, o

J. B. D. says, on page 590, there are 110,776 tours between b1 and a5, and 111,512 from b1 to b2, with the addition "by the above method of sixteens alone." Does he mean that there are other methods by which those numbers can be increased? Have those numbers been published previously, or did J. B. D. work them out, and in what way, and what time? Why are there nearly a million of tours from d1 to d4, and why nearly *three times* as many tours from b1 to e7? Were there about a million tours in each group, we should have in all over 100 millions of tours. If some one would work out a few of the groups, we should be able to give an approximate figure for the whole. I should be glad if J. B. D. (with whose name I have met for the first time) would give an answer.

Among the distinguished men who have endeavoured to solve the problem of the Knight's move are Euler,\* H. C. v. Wärnsdorf, Ciccolini, Collini, Vandermonde, Alexandre, Moivre, Bernouilli, Mairan, Demoivre, Montmort, Willis, Jänisch, T. von Heydebrand und der Lasa, and Dr. Roget. It was the latter who in 1840 published an article in the "Philosophical Magazine," in which a method is given whereby the problem can be solved, beginning at any square and terminating at any other square of the opposite colour.

The Knight's Tour has also some remarkable arithmetical properties which are given in the "Schachzeitung," in Tomlinson's work (pages 114 to 128), and in the "Westminster Papers," London, June, 1869, and April, 1871.

Some of our readers may welcome a tour of this kind, therefore I extract one from the last named periodical; but the composer's name, I regret to say, is not given there. Place the numbers 1 to 64 on the diagram thus: d3, e1, a2, b4, c6, a5, b7, d8, f7, h8, g6, e5, c4, d2, b1, a3, b5, a7, c8, d6, e8, g7, h5, f6, e4, g3, h1, f2, h3, g1, e2, f4, e6, f8, h7, g5, f3, h4, g2, e1, c2, a1, b3, d4, f5, e7, g8, h6, g4, h2, f1, e3, d1, b2, a4, c3, d5, b6, a8, c7, a6, b8, d7, c5. The additions of each column, horizontal as well as vertical, produce the same result, namely, 260; and the difference between the numbers upon any two squares equidistant from the centre in diagonally opposite quarters of the board is 32.

\* Euler: *Memoiren der Berliner Academie*, Band xv, 1759. Palamé, 1842, vol. 2, page 163. Kütgel's *Mathematisches Wörterbuch*, Theil iv., Seite 463.

Wärnsdorf: *Des Rösselsprünge einfachste und allgemeinst Lösung*. Schmalkalden, 1823.

Ciccolini: *Del Cavallo degli Scacchi*, per opera di Teodoro Ciccolini, Marchese di Guardiagrele. Parma, 1836.

C. A. Collini: *Solution du Problème du Cavalier au jeu des Echecs*. Mannheim, 1773.

A. Alexandre: *Collection des Problèmes*. Paris, 1846.

Moivre was an Englishman. His tour was published by Ponziani, 1782, page 30.

C. F. von Jänisch, the great Russian writer, died on Sunday, March 17, 1872, aged fifty-eight. His first work was: *Découvertes sur le Cavalier*. St. Petersbourg, 1837.

R. Willis, Automaton Chess Player. London, 1821.

For further particulars we must refer to the most important periodicals on Chess, which are:

In French: Palamède, *La Stratégie*.

In German: *Schachzeitung* (of Berlin, Leipzig, and Wien), *Illustrirte Zeitung* (Leipzig).

In Dutch: Sissa.

In English: *The Chess Player's Chronicle*, *The Chess Player's Magazine*, *The Chess World*, *The Illustrated London News*, *Bell's Life*, *The Era*, *The Field*, *The Gentleman's Journal*, *The Westminster Papers*, *Land and Water* (all of London). And in America: *Chess Journal of Dubuque*, *The Chess Record of Philadelphia*.

In Danish: *Nordisk Skaktidende*.

All works on Chess, up to the year 1839, are mentioned in H. R. Massmann's, *Geschichte des Schachspiels*. Quedlinburg and Leipzig, 1839.

903 works on Chess are mentioned in *Schachliteratur*, *Bibliographische Skizze von Dr. A. van der Linde*. December, 1870.

The two largest collections of Chess books are in the possession of Mr. J. W. Rimington Wilson, of Sheffield, England, and of Prof. Geo. Allen, of Philadelphia, America.

This curious arithmetical result may be arrived at by starting from any one of 48 squares. In our triangle we may place the number 1 on any one of 7 squares, and, I think, on examination, we shall find that in this triangle the three squares next the corner of the board are excluded. Of these seven starting-points some belong to the square-system and the others to the "diamond"-system or lozenge-shaped circuit.

This is the first time I have worked on the Knight's Tour, but when I have leisure I hope to return to it again. My labour here has been to introduce the triangle, and to work out the numbers 136 and 21.

HEINRICH MEYER,  
Late Chess Editor of "Hannoverische Anzeigen,"  
"Gentleman's Journal," and "Elcho Amerikano."

#### CAUTIONS TO THE CHARITABLE.\*

**I**N one case, which was brought to light by the energy of the Council of the Charity Organisation Society, a body styled the Free Dormitory Association was proved to be existent only in the person of its secretary, who, having been admitted to bail while the legal proceedings against him were pending, very naturally absconded, not, however, before the extent of his defalcations had been to some extent exposed, and his shameless robbery of the benevolent brought to light. In another case, a man said to be a minister of the American Church, and officiating at a building at Kennington, was prosecuted and sentenced to hard labour for obtaining funds for cases of distress, which were proved to be fictitious, or nearly so. In both these instances, it is true, the amount of the money received by the delinquents, as far as could be ascertained, was not large, but the exposure of the abominable frauds thus committed was the point of real moment, and the fact that the members of the Charity Organisation Society—in the absence of that much-needed government official, a public prosecutor—are ready to undertake such work, can scarcely fail to exercise a healthy influence, not only by reducing the number of impostors, who will abandon their nefarious trade through fear of detection, but also by placing the public upon its guard. It is, however, very clear that such an illustration of the deception practised upon the benevolent can only be regarded as an evidence of a widespread system of swindling to which charitable and unwary persons have been exposed for many years past, and to which, unfortunately, the readiness of the daily and weekly newspapers to insert appeals, especially during the winter season, lends only too much assistance. Apart altogether from the demands which are thus publicly made by persons who have no right to make them, as in the case of the minister above alluded to, there are others in which the nation at large is appealed to, when the distress is by no means exceptional, and ought to be relieved in the district where it exists, either by the poor-law agencies, or by the help of the residents. In this connection, for instance, we noticed appeals in several cases during the Christmas season, where individuals asked for help for parishes, districts, or schools, when they must have been aware that the higher classes in their own neighbourhood were perfectly able to supply its

\* From "Low's London Charities."

wants, while in one case which came under our personal observation an appeal was issued for a place where the inhabitants had only withdrawn their support because they were unable to obtain satisfactory accounts from the treasurer. The burden which ought to have been borne by the people in a particular locality, was thrust upon men whose feelings were touched by a neatly-worded letter, and who gave readily, never pausing to inquire whither their money was going. If, to such cases as these, we add the equally large class where there is an absolute design to rob, we have good ground for advocating caution, and for rejoicing at the action already taken during the past year.

Turning from this side of the question, there is the still larger subject of the best means of obtaining some satisfactory check upon the expenditure of societies and institutions generally, and upon the formation of new funds. It has been proposed to introduce into Parliament a short Bill for the compulsory registration of all charities, on the system adopted in regard to Friendly Societies, coupled with an enactment requiring treasurers in every case to supply an annual statement of the outlay for salaries and office expenses, thus giving the public some guarantee as to the *bond fides* of any particular association or fund, as, of course, no society would be placed upon the list without the supply of satisfactory references from its officials. If such a list as this were generally accessible, it would be impossible for gross cases of swindling to pass unchecked, as persons unable to furnish certain well-defined proofs of their position and claims to public confidence would be at once exposed.

In connection with our great London hospitals, the discussion as to the best means of preventing the

abuse of the benefits they offer, owing to the ease with which persons who have no claim upon them obtain orders for treatment, or for medicines, will, it may be hoped, lead to some satisfactory solution of the difficulty. At present, however, we have only arrived at the first stage in the inquiry—the general admission of the existing evil; the remedy has still to be provided, and it will, we fear, prove an arduous task to draw up a scheme which, while excluding those who have no right to ask for relief, will, at the same time, throw no hindrance in the way of those who are justly entitled to it. The adoption in London of the Hospital Sunday system, which has been so eminently successful in some of the large provincial towns, will doubtless serve to raise a considerable sum for these noble institutions, and will prove of inestimable value to the more recently-established hospitals, which are nearly, if not entirely, without endowment, and are consequently dependent upon the fluctuating income derived from annual subscriptions and donations. The practice of placing boxes for contributions to the hospitals in all the principal shops and hotels, which has long been adopted in the country with considerable success, would also, we believe, be well worthy of a trial in the metropolis, where the number of strangers who would thus render casual help is obviously very large. On the merits of the system of the admission of patients by votes, which unquestionably serves to exclude many deserving cases, considerable feeling has been excited, and will probably lead to a reconsideration of the whole question. If any plan can be devised by which the present objectionable traffic in votes can be entirely abolished, it will remove what has always been a serious blot upon the administration of our greatest institutions.



### Sonnets of the Sacred Year.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A.

#### FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice. . . . The Lord is at hand."—Phil. iv. 4, 5.

**W**HAT shall the end be?" 'Mid the tempests' roar—  
Wild cyclic storms of human war and crime  
Sweeping at seeming will the world of Time—  
'Mid, drearier, the deep after-moan that bore  
Much lamentation over sea and shore,  
The cry rose shrill and wailed upon mine ear:  
Whereon there fell this answer sweet and clear:  
"Glory to God! and Time shall be no more."  
Later I heard, from out another strife  
Of multitudinous intenser pain,  
That question wailed a million times again,  
Out of the dark of individual life.  
Whereto, like sudden light this answer ran,  
"Peace at the end! Good-will and Peace to man."

#### CHRISTMAS DAY.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."—St. Luke ii. 14.

**I**N the dark morning came the chorhic throng.  
Like Freedom's watch behind her prison bars,  
The pastoral vigil was beneath the stars,  
And in dim twilight fell the light and song  
That brought good tidings to a world of wrong.  
And few were they who heard that Carol blend  
The two great issues of the glorious End,  
For which Creation ever cries "How long?"  
And still 'tis hardly morning! Meagre still  
On the world's plain the companies that hear  
The voices chanting in the dying year  
That oracle of Glory and Good-will.  
Hear who will hear! Yet the true tidings tell  
The Meed and Mission of Emmanuel!

Hot  
to b  
not  
opp  
Lou  
listo  
the  
N